UNIVERSITY

NEW COURT-CONTRIVANCES, OR, More Sham-Plots still, against true-hearted Englishmen.

POlicy, truly so call'd, is, *The Art of governing a Multitude wisely*, which is best done by ruling *according to their own Inclinations*, for then they will obey without Reluctancy; and their Inclinations being bent to their own Good, which consists in *Plenty* of all Temporal Commodities, (and especially of Money, which purchases all the rest;) and in *Peace*, which secures to them the enjoyment of what they already possess, (which *Two* make up that which we call the *Common Good*, and by the effects make the People see they do so,) is the *only true Government*, and only likely to be *durable*; and they who govern thus are the *only wise*, that is the only *true Politicians*.

But the abuse of any thing is altering the meaning of the Word to a sinister Sense; hence those Men who neglect this natural method of governing, and do really overburthen, impoverish, and harass the People, and instead of easing, and enriching them, make use of Quirks, and Tricks to bubble them, that either they may not *see* it, or not lay it to Heart, have gain'd also the Name of *Politicians*; tho' they have no more right to it than a *Mountebank*, who neglects Nature, and makes use of Quacking Language, odd Gestures, and Tricks, (not to benefit his Patients but to get their Money,) deserves to be reputed a good *Physician*. The People should be made sensible by real effects of the Peace, and Plenty, the Governours have blest them with, and not be fool'd with *airy Words*, or lull'd with pleasing Dreams that they shall be happy and rich God knows *when* or *how*; not reflecting that while they thus loll on sluggishly in the Contemplation of this Visionary Felicity, the Robber is actually in their Houses plundering them of all their real Possessions. Such a Government then being *against Nature*, it's the greatest Miracle in *Nature* if it lasts long, or indeed any longer than till their Feeling and Experience open the Peoples Eyes, to see through the blinding Mist that was cast before them.

Many are the Stratagems and Tricks our Quack-Politicians make use of, but none of such universal usefulness as the Mysterious Art of *Plot-Forging*: For the horrid Noise of a *Plot* entertains the Peoples present Thoughts with its Novelty, and their future ones with the expectation of its Discovery; so that they have not the leisure to mind their own Concern, or to reflect how the *Common Good* goes to wreck. It frights the Vulgar with the hideous *Idea* of an Enemy lying in Ambush, which, they having the Dress in their Hands, and power to make any Fiction pass uncontroll'd, is easily improved into a Conspiracy to cut all their Throats; and so set all the People a madding. It enhances the Credit and Awfulness of the Governours as *wondrous wise Men*, in that the most secret Practises lie open to their searching Eye, and exact Intelligence. It sifts the Honest Party, who love Truth more than Tricks, from those of their own Faction, and either exposes them to certain Obloquy and Ruine,

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if they offer to contradict the manifeſt Forgery; or if they do not, then it makes the Plot-Fiction authentick, becauſe it paſſes *uncontroll'd*. It breeds a horrible Cry againſt thoſe at whoſe Doors the Plot Framers think fit to lay their own Brat, and 'tis an excellent Gin to entrap thoſe who are obnoxious to the Courtiers, either for their Honeſty, or the rich Prey of their Money. It fixes their unthinking credulous and affrighted Bigots more firmly to their Devotion. It countenances, by a pretended Neceſſity, the bold licentiouſneſs of clapping up *cauſeleſly*, and *lawleſly*, whomſoever they pleaſe in Priſon; and how ſlight a pretence will ſerve, their Carriage towards divers Peers, and others laſt Year has ſhown us. It makes the Commons more pliable to be let Blood in the Silver-Vein, even to the laſt Ounce, to be ſecured (forſooth) againſt ſuch formidable or rather fantaſtical Contrivances. Laſtly, 'Tis the moſt direct method for a Governour, whoſe Ambition tranſports him to make himſelf *abſolute*, by ſetting up a *Title* of *Conqueſt*, or what other he pleaſes to carry through his haughty Deſigns; for it gives him both an occaſion, and a colour to ſtrengthen his own intereſted Party to that Predominancy of Power, that all the reſt of the Nation muſt be forced to truckle whenever he ſees fit to attempt it, or pleaſes to lift up his Foot to tread upon their Necks.

Our Government, while the Revolution was a Novelty, and the Kingdom in an ill-humour, did not indeed ſtand in need of any *new Plots*, it ſelf being every bit a meer continued *Plot*, carried on by Forgeries, and ſhamming Deluſions of the People; but now that the Nation is ſenſible of their Folly, and ſees that all thoſe gay, and hollow Pretences end in a flat Cheat of the *Dutch*, and other *Confederates*, to gull ſilly *England*, at the expence of their Blood and Treaſure to maintain *their War*; that better half of the Nation (if they dare ſpeak out) do hate the Proceedings of the Court-Party; nay, that the whole Nation repines at the dearneſs of Commodities, ſcarcity of Money, damp of Trade, and inſupportable Taxes: Our new Government is put to its Shifts, and Plots are now become abſolutely neceſſary, and an eſſential part of our *Mountebank-Policy*.

Firſt then out ſteps *Fuller*, patronized by my good Lord of *Canterbury*, with Plots in his Budget to ſell by Whole-ſale; nay, he flew ſo high, that he threatned to impeach divers of the Houſe of Commons, as if he ſhould tell them, *Look to your ſelves, Gentlemen; for whoever oppoſes the voting Money enough, I'll all-to-be-Traytor him.* Money, like a true Chymiſt, he got before-hand, which he ſpent profuſely in *Drunkenneſs* and *Bawdry*: But that was no Rub in the Caſe, the more Rogue he was, the better he was qualified for a Plot-Witneſs. The true Patriots in the Houſe of Commons not knowing on which of them the Plot might light, and reſenting to be over-aw'd by Court Tricks, got the Cognizance of it to be brought before them; but *Fuller* directed them to a wrong Lodging, and himſelf diſapp ared: Whereupon he was ſtigmatized by their Votes for an *unpardonable Cheat*, &c. and ordered to be proſecuted, though he came off with a ſlight Puniſhment for ſo great a Crime. And ſo this *Archiepiſcopal-Plot* fell to the ground, and, like that of the noble *Salamanca Doctor*, went out in a ſtink.

But the next *Plot* was more hopeful, being to be performed by a greater Maſter in the *Cheating-Trade*, the Infamous Villain *Young*; for his counterfeiting Hands ſo dextrouſly was alone as good as Half a Teſtimony; we cannot doubt but that (Money

(Money being his only aim) he was to be well paid by the *Old Plot-Forger*: But the *Plot* was by Providence detected, and the Falſhood of it ſo induſtriouſly diſcovered by the Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, it prov'd Abortive; which had it taken had coſt the Life of many an Honeſt Man. Our Court hop'd that if diſcovered it would paſs for one of *Young*'s Knavish Pranks; but the World is not ſo ſtupid as they imagine: For *Young*, and his Comrade *Blackhead*, lying in *Newgate* for Debt, and living on others Scraps, without a Penny or a Friend to help them, Who were thoſe that came in a Coach to a *Tavern* near hand, and ſent for them out divers times? Who was it paid their Debts, and Fees, and fetch'd them out, put good ſtore of Money in their Pockets, and good Cloaths on their Backs, a little before they began their *Plotting-Trade?* And why was the enquiry into thoſe particulars, though ſo much preſt by divers worthy Perſons, ſo induſtriouſly waved even to this time? This was too tender a point for the Biſhop to meddle with, who in all likelyhood ſuſpected the matter, and is a great flaw in his Book: So that no Man of Senſe, when things are thus carried, but ſmells an old Fox, though they dare not put him up and hunt him, for fear of being indicted for ſpoiling the King's Game, and a greater Wheel moving the leſſer ones.

So fond they are of *Plots*, that my L. *Nottingham* himſelf, whoſe Noſe, as it ſeems, was more ſagacious and reach'd farther than his Underſtanding, ſmelt out a *Plot* the laſt Summer; and thereupon (which was one of his bold ſtrokes to daſh out the Laws) he gave out Warrants to ſeize, and impriſon divers *Peers*, and other Perſons of *Quality*, without the leaſt Evidence againſt them *then*, or *ſince*: Some of them, to avoid Vexation and Charge, had kept themſelves private; whereupon a very pleaſant *Female-Proclamation* was iſſued to apprehend them, branding them publickly to the whole Nation as guilty Perſons who had *fled from Juſtice*; whereas 'tis now evident, that had the Court had the leaſt colour of Juſtice againſt any of them, the utmoſt Severity of it had been inflicted on them without Mercy. However, as ſoon as this *ſlanderous Proclamation* had cryed *Hoo-loo*, the State-Hounds, led by my L. *Lucas*, who thought it a great Honour to become a *Catch-Pole* in ſuch a Legal Employ, hunted them dry-foot, and took divers of them, not dangerouſly *Plotting*, but very quietly *Napping*: But when they had them, they had nothing in the World to ſay to them, but only that they were reſolved, in deſpight of *Juſtice* and *the Laws*, and the *Priviledge* of *Parliament* to boot, to put them to as much Trouble and Vexation as they could. Theſe unwarrantable Warrants were highly reſented in the *Houſe* of *Lords*, and Satisfaction demanded from my L. *Nottingham*, and his Lawyers, for violating ſo notoriouſly the *Liberty of the Subject*: But the Court-Party (a Fault which no doubt they will amend for the future) being, by ill-hap, unfurniſhed of *King's-Evidences* to ſwear *Plots* falſly againſt them, ſtick'd hard to get them indemnified; and ſo the *Plot* light to be on the other ſide, *viz.* to enure the Nation to *Slavery*, and make it to endure the breach of our moſt *Fundamental Laws* that concern the Subject's Liberty; that ſo it may be no wonder hereafter if the *Court* play them the ſame foul play *in the like* or other Caſes, in regard there was ſuch a ſignal Precedent for it ſo powerfully abetted, and protected. And thus our Noble *Law-breakers* came off with Impunity, and Honour too; for what is damnable in the Eye of the Law is meritorious in the ſight of the Court. How can the

State with Juſtice hang *Robbers*, and ſuch like Malefactors, when thoſe Men eſcape *Scot free* who rob free-born *Engliſhmen* of their *Liberty*, which is more valuable than their Money, unleſs our Laws be made of *Cobwebs*, which catch only the leſſer Flies, and let the great ones break through and eſcape.

Another *Plot* begins already to bud forth in our two late *Proclamations*: *Blank Warrants*, Sign'd in likelyhood by themſelves, muſt be laid up fooliſhly, and found miraculouſly, and then comes out a *Proclamation*, complaining ſadly and ſeriouſly that my L. *Nottingham*'s *Hand* and *Seal* were forged by the diſaffected, forbidding all *Warrants* with the Old Seal to be of any effect, and promiſing a *New Seal*, and laſtly offering *five hundred Pounds* to the Diſcoverers; and then (to make it more credible, and fill the Heads of the Nation with Proclamations,) a *Second Thought Proclamation* follows upon the Neck of the former, offering *five hundred Pounds*, and *Indemnity* beſides to any even of the *Contrivers*, if they will but diſcover their Accomplices. Now the Devil muſt be an arrant Aſs, if he have not one Rogue of his in all *England*, who (as *Bedlow* upon the ſelf-ſame account found himſelf Guilty of the Murder of Sir ——*Godfry*,) will not take the Money when he may come in ſo ſafely, and accuſe ſome-body or other falſly, by which means my Lord's Credit will be cleared, and a new *Plot* made; and doubtleſs it's now hammering upon the Anvil. Yet for all the Art and Wit this Stratagem makes a ſhew of, any Man with half an Eye may ſee 'tis but a very *botching* and *bungling* piece of Policy: For why could not the Forgers of the *Old Seal*, (had there been any ſuch,) as well counterfeit the *New Seal* too, when it came out, and ſo fruſtrate all the Ends pretended to by the *Proclamation*. However, 'tis ſome happineſs that we are ſafe from being Gaol-Birds till the *New Seal* be made; which is to inherit the illegal power of the *Old One*, only we ſhall have the comfort to be impriſoned with a better Grace; that is, by Warrants of a later Edition, with the noble Formality of a New Seal. Certainly the Nation had been better ſatisfied, had a *Proclamation* told us ſuch unlawful Practices ſhould be uſed no more; whereas this accuſes every Body, and ſatisfies no Body.

Theſe Plunges the Court-Party are put to, that they may tyrannize over the *Liberty* of the *Subject*, and yet give their Actions a Face of *Legality*; which, together with their defeat in *Fuller* and *Young*, make every Man ſee clearly that they ſtand in huge need of a *Plot*, and of *King's-Evidences* to countenance and juſtifie their Proceeding. But where muſt ſuch Fellows be found? The arranteſt Rogues, whom their Crimes have coop'd up in *Gaols*, are fitteſt for Perjury, and eſpecially if they might eſcape Hanging by it, then, to be ſure, they would ſwear heartily and luſtily to whatever the great Ones ſhould inſpire them with, upon pretence of *Reprieve*, or *Pardon*. Now it light very Providentially, (as they imagined,) that the Arch-Robber *Whitney* happ'd to be in *Young*'s Neſt, who was flown, *i. e.* in *Newgate*, and withal condemned to be hanged: To him they apply, being well aſſured that they needed not lay long Siege to his Honeſty, if he might but hope for a Pardon. The Method they took was this: Firſt, Capt. *Richardſon* tells him he muſt certainly dye without any hopes of Mercy; then, to relieve his Deſpair, come ſome honeſt *Williamites* to him, as Sir *John Auſtin*, *Dutton Colt*, Sir *Ralph Dutton*, and Sir *Thomas Pope Blount*, ſome of whom treated with him about making a *Plot*; and it ſo concerted, that he

ſhould

should say, (and by consequence *swear* if need be,) that the Lords *Litchfield*, *Aylesbury*, *Salisbury*, and *Worcester*, and some others whose Names I have not, had treated with him, by their Agents, to assemble his Gang of *Robbers*, and *kill* the *King*, as he was hunting in *Epping*, or *Windsor* Forrest, promising him vast Rewards when his work was done. But whom should he name for those Agents? *Whitney*'s House was at *Cheston* in *Hartfordshire*, where lived on Dr. *Thorowgood*, his Countreyman, and Neighbour, who meeting him sometimes in *London*, they went to drink at the House of one Mr. *Burchil*, at the Queens head in *White-Swan-yard*, over against *Somerset-house*, having in their Company one Mr. *Pike*, *Thorowgood*'s Friend, and constant Associate. They had done this twice or thrice, and so *Whitney* judg'd those the fittest Persons that could be pretended to have treated with him, and *Burchil* the propereſt Man to witness that Treaty. This Project amounting to a *rough-draught* of the *Plot* thus cunningly laid, so that now nothing but dextrous managing the Persons was wanting; a Paper was carried to my L. *Nottingham* with the Names of the Lords, as principal Movers, and of *Thorowgood* and *Pike*, as the immediate *Treaters* and *Intervenors*: This got *Whitney* his *Reprieve*; and Warrants were sent to take up *Thorowgood* and *Pike*, who getting Light of the Design, and not willing either to be Knaves voluntary, nor tortured, (by the usual mercilesse Severities exercised in Prisons since the erection of this New Government,) or perhaps hanged because they would not be so, kept out of the way. The first thing to be done was to work upon Mr. *Burchil*, and to bring this about, a Dragooner, by Name *Bowes*, comes to his House, and tells him he was going to *Whitney* in *Newgate*, and that he would do a Friendly Office to go along with him, and give him a Visit: The honest Man, little dreaming what a Trap was laid for him, went with him very civilly. *Whitney* seemed very glad to see him, and after a while began to put it upon him, that he knew and heard Dr. *Thorowgood* and Mr. *Pike* treat with him about killing the *King*, and that if he would but witness it, it would be a means to save his Life, and also be highly advantageous to himself. *Burchil* replyed, that he did never in his Life know or hear any such thing, and so could not in Conscience assert it. After *Whitney* had plyed him with all the most pressing Intreaties, and high-promising Motives usual in such a case, and saw there was no hope of making him a Villain by *Fair-means*, then (as the method of *Plot-Forging* required,) he was to try what might be done by *Foul*; wherefore he began to speak very loud, to threaten him highly, and to abuse him with opprobrious Language for refusing to witness so important a Truth. This loudness of his was the *Watch-word* for *Tucker* to come in, who had placed himself on purpose at a convenient distance, and knew his *Cue* when he was to act in this intended *real Tragedy*, fell upon *Burchil* with bitter Invectives, hunching him rudely with his Elbowes, and telling him he would be hanged, and all he had seized on for the King, if he refused to witness what *Whitney* had desired; and in conclusion, like a true Servant and Imitator of my L. *Nottingham*, without Law, and in dispite of it, clapp'd him up and made him Prisoner. The poor Man lay there about three Hours with an aking Heart, fearing he should be made pass through *France*'s Purgatory, and be tortured for not yeilding to attest a Falshood. By that time they hop'd that the Fright for what he had suffered at present, and his apprehension of worse, would have daunted and warp'd his Honesty;

Tucker,

Tucker and *Bowes* came to him with a *Paper Signed* by *Whitney*, containing all the Particulars he would have him swear, which they shewed him, promising that if he would subscribe it, he should immediately be set free, and richly gratified in to the Bargain. What should he do? No Friend could come at him that he might acquaint them with his Condition; and he feared that should he refuse, Torture would come next, and pehaps that *Tucker* and *Bowes*, who he saw were Confederates, might swear false against him if he persisted in his Resolution: Wherefore to get free from the Clutches of these *Harpies*, (never intending to stand to it,) he Signs the *Paper*, after he had capitulated with *Whitney* to give it him under his Hand to indemnifie him, which he did, and (*Bowes* and *Tucker* present) subscribed a Paper to that purpose, which *Burchil* has yet by him. And now the Plot went merrily on, and began to look very Towardly. They assured themselves now of *Burchil*, who was freed and complemented. The Paper was sent to the over-joyed *Secretary*; some say that *Whitney* was examined by him too, or by some from him; but 'tis certain, Orders were given to my Lord *Chief Justice Holt*, to examine *Burchil*, who sent a *Tip-staff*, accompanied by *Bowes*, at ten a Clock at Night the same Day to bring *Burchil* before him; who, as they were going, spent many Exhortations and Encouragements upon him, to make him stand stiff to his Subscription. Being come before my Lord, *Bowes* took his Oath he saw him sign it; and upon my Lord's asking him, *Burchil* frankly acknowledged it was his Hand. Then, says my Lord, you can swear to the Contents of the *Paper*. No, my Lord, replyed Mr. *Burchil*, *I cannot swear it*, for *there is never a word of Truth in it*; laying open in order how he had been treated with Caresses, and rough Usage to induce him to swear a Falshood, and that he only Signed it out of *Fear*, and that he might free himself out of their Claws, dreading he should have been worse used, had he continued there, and refused it. Upon which, my Lord, (who I hear has had a little Taste of *Arbitrary Court-Tricks*,) did very worthily free *Burchil*, and gave order immediately to hang *Whitney*. And so *this horrid Damnable-Hellish Williamite Plot*, through the Prudence and Sincerity of this one Honest Man, very luckily came to nothing, and the growing Noise of it spread by the *Court-Party* was quash'd, and suddenly hush'd; which, had it taken, it had been a blessed time for *Hangmen*, and Gaolors, and Executioners, for we should have seen e're long the Heads of those Honourable, and Innocent Personages fly off at *Tower-Hill*, and Multitudes of others imprisoned, ruined in their Estates, and put to Death: It being much easier to *improve* a *Plot*, when Statists think they have got Ground enough, with Safety to their Credits, to own it, than it is to make it take at first, the Foundation of all such fictitious Contrivances being so *unsteady*, and rotten.

Our *Courtiers*, having lost the advantage of carrying their *Plot* on, resolved now to make their advantage of its Miscarriage, by crying up their own Integrity and Honesty in freeing *Burchil*, and hanging *Whitney*, (though neither of them was more than what the Law required;) that so, by preserving their Credit, as to *this Plot*, which they saw *would not take*, they might be the better believed in future Ones, which they hoped *would take*; but we may thank the *Ill Success*, and not some Men's *Good Will*: For 'tis manifest from every Circumstance, that while they had hopes it would come to something they abetted it, as much as ever they could, without telling

telling the World openly they were the Original Contrivers of it, which being such a deep, and so sacred a Mystery of State, ought not to be revealed to the profane Eyes of the Vulgar, or searched into too narrowly: For, who was it that sent *Whitney*'s first Paper to my Lord *Nottingham*? And why were Warrants immediately issued to take *Thorowgood* and *Pike*, since the Information, coming only from a Condemned Man, who was never in his Life of any Credit, and would say any thing to save his Life, could signifie nothing? Who was it that got him a Reprieve? Who sent *Bowes* so seasonably to Mr. *Burchil*, who was the only Man that could assist his Pretence in witnessing against *Thorowgood* and *Pike*? How came it to be believed that a *Plot* was Forging by all the Persons who were in the neareſt Circumstances while it was contriving? Who hired *Tucker* to join with *Whitney* in reviling and threatning him, because he would not be perjured, and to clap him up so rudely and illegally? Would such a Fellow do such an action, which might lose him his Place, and make him to be soundly punished besides, unless he had been bribed, or powerfully sollicited to it? Or durst he have done it, unless some Great Persons had assured him before-hand of Impunity? And if not, Why is he not severely punished for it since, but still continued in his Employment; since it will not be safe for any Man to visit his Friend in Prison, if such villainous Tricks be permitted? Indeed my Lord *Chief Justice* was angry with him, and said he deserved to lose it; but he thought it not fit to proceed farther, least it might offend some to whom he was to be upon occasion a very useful Instrument. Who was to have got *Whitney*'s Pardon, which he was sure of, and upon the Prospect of which he began this Jigg? Why did the Honestest of them fall off, and protest *he would have no Hand in Plots?* Why did the two *Plot-makers* (one of them especially) go above a dozen times to *Whitney* in *Newgate*, with whom they had no Acquaintance? Let any sincere honest Gentleman ask them to what end they made such frequent Visits to a Villain? and (for I know what they have said, and will say.) he shall see that they give such a sleeveless account of their Errand, that would make any Man of Sense spew to hear them. Do they think us such Fools as to believe that all the fore-mentioned Poppets did manage themselves so dextrously and regularly, without some unseen Hand behind the Curtain which moved all the rest? Or would even any of those Gentlemen have gone about a *Plot*, but that they were either set on, or at least knew it would be grateful and welcome to the State; and that the Court would abett it, if they could first bring it to Iudge? Lastly, Why was the Bill, making *Perjury* in *Capital Crimes Fellony*, without *Benefit of the Clergy*, thrown out by the *Court-Party*, but that they might not discourage False Witnesses, when they should stand in need of them, to swear to their *Plots*?

Yet I will not charge all those Gentlemen who visited *Whitney*, with knowing the Drift of the *Plot-men*; one or two of them, I believe, were for another end, or were carried thither for a *Blind*: One of them has cleared his own Credit, by falling off, when he perceived them making *Plots*; another of them I have great reason to think of too quiet a Genius to meddle in such Matters. It will be expected that since I name them all, I should likewise by name distinguish the *Guilty* from the *Guiltless*: But I conceive 'tis more proper to leave to those two latter an occasion of clearing themselves, by laying the enormous Crime at the Doors of those who

did

did really deserve that Imputation. And it being more *their* Concern than *mine*, if they refuse that Duty to Truth, and their own Honour, they must blame themselves for the Shame and Infamy they may incurr: For certainly the Memory of those who were the Contrivers and Abettors of this *Damnable Hellish VVilliamite Plot*, let them be whom they will, and as great as they will, will so stink before God and every good Christian, that no Man of any Honour or Reputation but will avoid their Conversation, and abhor them as *Atheistical Reprobates*, *Suborners of Perjury*, *the worst of Murtherers*, and *the most profligate of Villains*.

These Particulars, which happ'd to come to my certain Knowledg, by conversing casually with those who knew the bottom of that Mystery of Iniquity, (and many more we might have known, had not *Burchil* out of Fear been so reserved;) I thought fit to communicate to my Dear Countreymen, that they may use their best Prudence to avoid the Snares which the Interested *Court-Party* will lay for them: Hoping too, that these short but clear Hints will keep the People from being allarmed with the hollow Pretences, and loud Noise of imaginary *Plots*; and that instead of hating, they will pity those who shall fall into such *State-Traps*. And lastly, that, plucking up the Hearts of true *Englishmen*, they may stand up for our *Laws*, *Liberty*, and *Property*, against *Lawless* Orders and Warrants, *base Slavery*, and *unpitied Beggary*, under which we groan already; and since the Nation subsists by preserving *those Common Goods*, if we supinely neglect the Preservation of them, we must expect that our *Dear Native Country* will e're long be overwhelmed, and buried in its own Ruines.

FINIS.

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